

shall we get along? Why, we never worked a day in our lives. And when, in the course of events, the loyal white people of Maryland for nearly three years had been marching their fathers, sons and brothers to the wars, of them to return no more, and when the heart of almost every loyal family the place of some loved could be filled only by the honored memory of a gallant soldier who had nobly died for his country, those who had suffered thus, seeing the slaveholders actually profiting by the scarcity of white labor, began to ask: Why are not the burdens of this war made equal? Why are not the slaves put into the army and allowed to fight? At the more asking of such grossly unconstitutional questions, a wail went up from the slave-owners (except a few, to whom all honor), that sent the heavens. They cried out, "Oh! spare us, spare us; our work must be done, and our slaves must do it. Go on with the draft, and let the white men who are unable to pay compensation go to the war." But notwithstanding these most affecting entreaties, the able-bodied male slaves nearly all volunteered. After they had gone, the owners were insufficient enough to complain, because, they said, all the strong men having been taken, they would be taxed with the support of the women and children, the old, the sick, and infirm, and they themselves will be relieved from so much increased expense and care. This alleged grievance coming to the ears of one having the power to remedy it, he at once made it known that he would relieve the owners from the charge of all the negroes whom they were unwilling to retain, and would provide for their transportation by sending a steamer to any accessible point that might be designated. Strange to relate, not one application was made for transportation. There was an instantaneous conversion of all who before complained; and like good Christians, they forthwith acknowledged the obligation resting upon them to protect and provide for the imbecile creatures over whom Providence had placed them. But the most ludicrous refutation of all such complaints was given the other day. Even before the election for the adoption of the Constitution had been held, the slave-owners, profiting by the signs of the times, began to ransack the statutes of the State in search of some legal device that would enable us to secure for a few years more the services of the infant slaves. Scarcely had they fished up the old state law which they lawfully would answer their purpose, when lo and behold! they gathered up the little darkies of both sexes and crowded them into all conceivable kinds of vehicles, until they looked like overpopulated nests of blackbirds, and then conveyed them to the Orphan's Court, and had them bound out to their former masters. Many of the owners, although the result of the election was then unknown, actually manumitted the children before the 1st of November, and had them bound immediately, in order that they might deprive their parents, who were still slaves, of the right of being consulted after their emancipation as to the disposition of their own offspring.

You will not wonder at my confidence in the improvement of the negro race when I relate an incident which came under my own observation. Our struggle for emancipation was fierce and closely contested. For a long time the result was in doubt. The soldiers' vote finally settled it in our favor by a majority of less than four hundred; but the advocates of slavery, unwilling, although fairly beaten, to surrender a field which they had held so long without dispute, did their utmost, after the election, to defeat the voice of the people by a resort to protests, and injunctions, and writs of mandamus, and all other devices which the ingenuity of counsel could invent. The Governor's proclamation declared the triumph of the friends of freedom, in spite of rebel votes and the "law's delay," did not reach the southern section of the State until Monday, the 31st of October, when a steamer from Baltimore brought the official document. A Union meeting was held that day at Cambridge, in Dorchester County, at which it was made known, to the infinite disgust of every faithful follower of Jeff. Davis, that the next day would see Maryland a free State. I know not how the word passed; I saw no flashing banner, nor flaming brand, nor speeding courier; but as I travelled in open carriage that night to fill an appointment next day, more than fifty miles away, it seemed as if the very air had borne the glad tidings before me. All Africa was abroad; some on horseback, some in wagons, but nearly all on foot, moving along, singing and joyful. When, later at night, I was journeying wearily through the sighing pines, my curiosity was excited by the fact that even and anon a bright light would suddenly burst upon me. Knowing that country people were usually at that hour asleep, these lights were a mystery to me. Turning to my companion, I asked an explanation. He replied: "The lights you see are the meeting-houses of the negroes who have met for the purpose of holding watch-meetings to welcome in the 1st of November." The mystery was explained. The negroes had assembled at midnight, in their rude churches hastily built by the roadside, in the woods, or down at the marshes, to watch for the advent of their day of jubilee, in order that they might receive their earliest experience of heaven's priceless gift to man—triumphal blessed liberty—while on their knees before the Father of all. Surely, a people who will thus dedicate the first moments of their freedom to God, are worthy to be free. *

If, then, the power of amendment extends to the abolition of slavery, and that it does, is too clear to admit of a suspicion of a doubt, with what propriety can any slaveholder ask for compensation? They entered the Union with a full knowledge of the existence of that power, and they held their slaves afterwards subject to the right of the people of the United States, in accordance with the forms prescribed, to prohibit human bondage. How, then, can the slaveholders complain of injustice if the people shall choose to exercise their notorious privilege of amendment? But the case is infinitely worse when we advert to the mere effect of a conflict made at the beginning of the rebellion, and find that before the insolence of the Slave Power had cut us off in actual war, the Congress proposed, by the necessary majority, an amendment, to the Legislatures of the States, whereby the people were to be deprived of all power of interference with slavery in the States by amendment of the Constitution of the United States, and that this proposition, which, if accepted, would have been a perpetual guarantee, was scornfully rejected. Nothing would satisfy the propagandists of slavery but war, terrible war. And now, after the nation has been compelled in defense of its life to expend its treasures by thousands of millions, and sacrifice hundreds of its best and bravest on almost every hill-top, and in almost every valley of the South, who is so craven as to speak of compensation for slaves, when their emancipation was made necessary by the rebellion of their masters?

Who is so weak as to believe that the rebels can be appeased by concessions to slavery, or that the war can be ended otherwise than by destroying their military power? Have they ever given us reason to expect any such expectation? Their President, their Co. and the chiefs of their armies, every one of their officials, high or low, who has spoken upon the subject, has always insisted that they will tolerate but one plan of action, namely, that which provides for separation and division. Where is the evidence that the rebels will stop the war and return to the Union if we will not do the same? I challenge its production. It nowhere exists. The issue is sharply defined between the rebellion and the United States. On the one side is disunion for the sake of slavery; on the other is freedom for the sake of Union. In the beginning of the war, the rebels, to justify their resort to arms, seized the priestess of prophecy, and compelled her to adopt the sentiment that the Union could not continue with the States part slave and part free. They construed the words literally, and then, by their own voluntary acts, verified the prophecy as they interpreted it. They have demonstrated that the conflicting systems of free and slave labor cannot be reconciled under a republican form of government, but rather that they will develop into political antipathies, which will ultimately, like smoldering, but inextinguishable fires, burst into the full blaze of civil war.

Others may doubt and fear, but I believe that slavery is doomed. In my judgment, if the people of the Southern Confederacy, so called, were made independent to themselves, they could not preserve their favorite institution. If this Congress were to propose to do it for them, could that promise be depended on? Could you ever again enforce a Fugitive Slave law? No human power, however far stifle the voice of nature as to bind our submission, the denunciations of slavery, which rise like exhalations from all parts of the land. Civilization everywhere speaks for liberty. Russia, by her great act of emancipation, has banished serfdom from Europe. England, France, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, and

Portugal, have all crossed the ocean to liberate the bondman. Less than seven million slaves remain within the bounds of Christendom; and for four millions of these, we stand responsible in the sight of God and man. Knowing all this, the enlightened, determined and irrepressible sentiment of the nation cries out, "Away with slavery, away with slaves!" So, like the heralds of old, they do this great work, we can have no peace. Whether we would or not, we must establish freedom if we would exterminate treason. Events have left us no choice. The people have learned their duty, and have instructed us accordingly. Let us do our part, and, as their heralds, proclaim universal freedom. Having thus declared a policy, glorious, but imperishable, our arms, while winning a glorious and enduring peace, will achieve the same victories for the oppressed and enslaved of all the earth, that posterity, amazed at the magnitude of their achievements, will record that as they marched,

"High in front advanced,
The brandished sword of God before them blazed
Fierce as a comet."

The brandished sword of God! eye, "the brandished sword of God!" He has led this holy crusade for country and for freedom. When men despaired because they could discover no solution of the dreadful enigma which slavery propounded; when even the churches quailed before it and prostituted the Bible to the propitiation of the monster, God came to the rescue, and solved the riddle by destroying the spider. If God is not here, else recognized in the Constitution, nevertheless He is here, and has assumed it into being. Out of the hard discipline of civil war, He has evoked and made intelligible to all men a thought which will ever serve as a guiding inspiration for the nation in its toilsome search to discover by the lights of experience the true philosophy of free government.

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, FRIDAY, APRIL 14, 1865.

I REFRAT THE DECLARATION MADE A YEAR AGO, THAT I REMAIN IN MY POSITION, I SHALL NOT ABSTAIN TO RETRACT OR MODIFY THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION, NOR SHALL I RETURN TO SLAVERY ANY PERSON WHO IS FREE BY THE TERMS OF THAT PROCLAMATION, OR BY ANY OF THE ACTS OF CONGRESS. IF THE PEOPLE SHOULD, BY WHATEVER MODE OR MEANS, MAKE IT AN EXECUTIVE DUTY TO RE-ENSLAVE SUCH PERSONS, ANOTHER, AND NOT I, MUST BE THE INSTRUMENT TO PERFORM IT.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Thirty-Second Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in the city of New York, on TUESDAY, May 9th, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Executive Committee urge upon all the members of the Society a prompt attendance at this meeting. The questions to come before it are of the greatest importance. Some members of the Committee propose, in view of the almost certain ratification of the Anti-Slavery Amendment of the United States Constitution, to dissolve the Society at this annual meeting; while others would postpone such dissolution until the ratification of that Amendment is officially proclaimed; and others, still, advocate continuing the Society's existence until all the civil rights of the negro are secured.

Besides this, whichever of these views receives the sanction of the Society, there is the further question whether the Standard shall be continued.

On these and other accounts, our deliberations will be most interesting and important, and ought to assemble all the members and earnest friends of the Society.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, { Secretaries.

C. C. BURLEIGH,

MR. GARRISON AT FORT SUMTER.

The readers of the *Liberator* did not fail to notice Mr. Garrison's announcement last week that, by invitation of the Secretary of War, he was about to go to Charleston, South Carolina, to witness the raising of the flag of the United States on Fort Sumter, on the 14th inst., four years from the day when, under the fire of rebels and traitors, Major Anderson and his little band were compelled to lower it, and see the infamous flag of rebellion lifted to its place. They will also be gratified to hear that, at the suggestion of Senator Wilson, of this State, the invitation was extended to George Thompson, Esq., and that this true friend, not less of our country than of the anti-slavery cause, has accepted it, and accompanied Mr. Garrison on this new and peculiar mission.

Mr. Garrison is no longer proscribed, but an honored man, the land of his birth. Whereas, as the advocate of a most unpopular cause, he was misrepresents, reviled, and held in contempt by the nation, he is now a name and has acquired a reputation,—to be enjoyed while yet he lives,—which the most greedy of fame might covet. To-day he is recognized by the candid and thoughtful as having been a true, simple-hearted, and far-seeing friend of his country, wisely fore-warning against the impending consequences of the nation's great crisis, and nobly laboring at the risk of his life, and with sacrifice of all that men usually strive after, to save her from it. A nation, schooled by the terrible lessons of loss, suffering, and humiliation, which this four years' war has forced upon her, taught by adversity a higher wisdom than ever it could have gained in prosperity, taught to measure itself more justly, taught to esteem of small account many things which before it had placed high in its regard,—now gives to the man to the cause, which before it was scorned and loaded with reproach.

And this is the real significance of Mr. Garrison's presence at Fort Sumter, on this occasion of national rejoicing and triumph. It tells of a regenerated public sentiment, of a new moral purpose and impressive tribute to Theodore Parker, the first occupant of the pulpit in which he stood, for his faithful treatment of the great claims of liberty and righteousness in past years. —C. K. W.

THE DEATH OF THE SLAVEHOLDERS' REBELLION.

We go to press this week in the midst of universal jubilation. The air is filled with the music of bells and the reverberation of cannon; no demonstration of delight seems too extravagant, no expression of gratitude is adequate to the occasion. The celebration of the capture of Richmond was measured—for four years of premature congratulations and prophecies have taught us to distrust success itself; but the news of Lee's surrender to Gen. Grant was the signal for a popular demonstration unequalled since the fall of Sumter.

We regard this invitation to Mr. Garrison as a recognition also of the anti-slavery movement of the country, and a willing testimony to its essential worth, as just, humane, and indispensable. We know that Mr. Garrison, so regarded it, holding it as a tribute to the great body of men and women whom he might be supposed to represent, and not at all as a tribute to himself. We do not agree that considerations, personal to himself, had no influence in the case. On the contrary, we believe they had very much to do with it. Mr. Garrison's course, throughout the rebellion, was to have been so considerate there. It tells of a people worthy to have so greatly suffered, worthy to be saved through suffering, of a people not given over by a righteous God to be forever in the bondage of that terrible idolatry which held them bound so long, a bondage more dishonoring and to be dreaded than that of the four millions at the South, where slavery was made sure by national consent and complicity. It tells of a Government above the poor prejudice and narrowness which actuate ordinary statesmen, ready to bestow honor where justice shows it to be due, and ready to give public expression to the convictions of the wisest and best in the land.

At the very time when this paper is in the hands of the majority of its readers, probably the services will be proceeding at Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, to which these our friends, with many other loyal citizens of the land, have thus been invited.

What abolitionist can think of the presence of William Lloyd Garrison at that spot, on that occasion, and this too by express invitation of the national authorities, without feelings of profoundest awe at that wonder-working Providence which controls human affairs, or without emotions which in vain seek adequate expression?

Thirty-five years ago, in a small chamber, friendless and unaided, Mr. Garrison commenced with the humblest means and surroundings, the labor of abolishing American slavery! Scarce an individual in the land was there, who did not deem the work to be the last degree foolish and visionary, and most believed it impossible. As fast as he and his work became known, so fast was he met with ridicule, scorn, abuse, persecution, and even with attempts to take his life. Denunciation, as a disturber of the peace, as a fanatic, as a traitor, as an infidel, fell heavily upon him from the political and religious journals, and all the high places of the land. All who befriended and aided him, or who even suggested that there was justification or excuse even for him, were visited with like condemnation, and subjected to the severest penalties which political and social proscription, or religious intolerance, combined with power, could inflict. The work they were doing was condemned as not less cruel to the slaves, than illegal and treasonable towards the nation and its government. The whole force of the learning, talent, wealth, and even religion of the land, with the fewest possible exceptions, was lifted up to crush their work and them. "Everywhere," as with Christianity in its early days, the anti-slavery cause was "spoken against," and the name of Mr. Garrison and his friends "cast out as evil." But on these painful and humiliating remembrances we care not now to dwell.

Snatched from the world's pursuing wrath, Unharnessed when death overthrew our head, Like ransomed Israel on the shore, Here then we pause, look back, adieu."

In such circumstances of all but universal hostility, of determined purpose on the part of all whose power was deemed irresistible, to destroy and crush it utterly, how did the anti-slavery cause live? How did it prevail to gain a foot-hold, a hearing, a consideration, now at length, in the space of no more than thirty-five years, its triumph, with the general consent of all the wisdom, conscience, intelligence and patriotism of

the land? The answer is but one, and all know, all feel it. "Not by might, not by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." It was simply because the almighty power of Truth, Justice and Right was with it, and with its unselfish, devoted advocates; because the sure arm of the Infinite was on their side; and they even in the darkest hours believed and said, "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Such was the estimation in which the anti-slavery cause, and Mr. Garrison, its chief representative, were, until a very recent period, held. But a mighty change has taken place. And for this change, the thirty years' education of the people, through the anti-slavery movement, was the necessary and predestined preparation. Four years ago, that Slave Power, whose evil nature Mr. Garrison had so accurately described, but whose infamous designs on the life of the nation not even he at first foresaw, made manifest to the world its real character and aims by lifting up the bloody hand of rebellion, the hand of an assassin and robber, against the nation and its legally constituted authorities. In that hour multitudes saw and confessed what before they would never admit, that Slavery was the inherent, necessary enemy of our Republic; from its nature opposed to *liberty*, not less than to *freedom*. Our laws and customs assumed him to be nothing. A time serving clergy passed by him as nothing. The Supreme Court decreed that he was nothing. Even the war was waged on the supposition that he was nothing. Now he stands with North and South at his feet, master of the situation, the recognized *victor* of the hour. Four years of war have taught us the fight and the importance of the negro. What mean the *fire-works*, the devoted loyalty, the inspiration of self-help, which this despised and down-trodden people have shown? They show the *thorough* men. They meet our sympathy and aid more than half way. Their position symbolizes the unity of man. The black race has obtained larger recognition in two years than any other race ever did in two hundred. Through the conditions of slaves, fugitives, contrabands and freedmen, they have now risen to be free men.

The nation is therefore no longer at variance with the *cause*. The question for us to ask, and to answer is—Shall full justice be rendered to our black deliverers? The right of the ballot is to the Southern negro, the only security for the permanent recognition of his rights as a man and a citizen. An opportunity is now before us (by favor of the war) which will never come again. What we do not effect now, in the propitious moment of enthusiasm, must wait long years for fulfillment. Shall we depend upon State action to settle this matter? What reason has the negro to expect justice from the spontaneous action of the Southern States? This is sure: we shall need every negro bold to stem the tide of pro-slavery barbarism. These are fleeting moments. Let us seize them before the cessation of the war shall diminish our power to organize justice into law. Who knows in what form peace approaches? Thank God that no precedent exists to turn our action from the path of justice. All honor to our Senator, who has given the negro to expect justice from the spontaneous action of the Southern States! This is sure: we shall need every negro bold to stem the tide of pro-slavery barbarism. These are fleeting moments. Let us seize them before the cessation of the war shall diminish our power to organize justice into law.

What is to be done? Enforce the Administration and Congress that no reconstruction can be permanent which does not maintain the equal rights of the negro.

What is to be done? Enforce the Administration and Congress that no reconstruction can be permanent which does not maintain the equal rights of the negro. The necessities of public safety must determine public duty. If you have the right to take the franchise from rebels as a penalty, you have the right to give it to the race which has defended and saved the nation. Shan amnesties which would restore to rebel populations the rights of States. We have victory and all the means and terms of reconstruction in our own hands, and no vicious precedents limit our action. Till the negro is fully a citizen, let no one think that all is done. Let not the war angel escape from our grasp, until we have wrung from him the needed blessing.

What is that which has borne upon our four centuries? This whirlwind of war has had an orbit as steady as a planet's sweep, and it shows clearly the hand of a superintending Providence. We have

had our year of recognition and acceptance of duty, followed by a year of illumination and progress. Now come the years of accomplishment and jubilee, if we do not forfeit them by unfaithfulness.

In New England, Massachusetts, whose ideas now lead the way, who have spoken the word which rules this hour. The speaker closed with a fervent and inspiring tribute to Theodore Parker, the first occupant of the pulpit in which he stood, for his faithful treatment of the great claims of liberty and righteousness in past years. —C. K. W.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK. NO. XXXI.

NEW YORK, April 6, 1865.

To the Editor of the *Liberator*:

The North has lost its war-cry—"On to Richmond!" Our arms have entered in and passed beyond, and the haughty city becomes a recruiting station for the colored troops of the United States.

What I wrote of the general joy manifested here at the downfall of Charleston may be repeated with emphasis of rejoicing on Monday. Then the exultation was in the divine retribution upon the breeder of the rebellion, now in the vision of peace and certain triumph. Hence the feeling ran high over Richmond, and was shared more universally. The thoroughly loyal, the semi-loyal, and the quasi-loyal suddenly fused together in an outburst of enthusiasm. He who could not shout for Grant's success was an unmitigated traitor; and some such there were, not only loud-mouthed. In Wall street, banners and business were simultaneously suspended, and the uproarious crowd that blocked the passage before the Custom-House sang, with numerous repetitions, "Old Hundred," "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Rally Round the Flag," and "The John Brown Song," in the intervals of patriotic speeches.

But God is just, and permits suffering not without reason, and only when the nation conquered itself and pronounced the dreaded talismanic word, "Emancipation," did the dawn flush the East. How victories of arms have waited upon the victories of justice in the Cabinet and Congress! President Lincoln's Proclamation marked the turning of the tide, and thenceforth the armies of the South lost their prestige of invincibility. Then success preponderated with the Union arms, for "Freedom followed the day"; yet was the universal decree needed, and at last the Constitutional Amendment came. It shivered the cornerstone of the rebellion to atoms, and the downfall of Richmond, the capture of Lee, the ignominious flight of Davis and his fugitive Cabinet, are its fitting sequel.

Glory, hallelujah! The nation enters upon its new life! Let there be no false magnanimity in this hour of triumph. Let mercy temper the judgment which punishes the traitors, but let the insatiate folly that, under any plea, would fan into even momentary brightness the dying embers of slavery be exterminated. Let there be no concession to caste, no shadow of compromise concerning the equal rights of the colored race. All hail the great Herester! —W. L. G. Jr.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives has voted, 189 to 5, that it is expedient to legislate on the subject of the fugitive slave law.

Now, at length, in the space of no more than thirty-five years, its triumph, with the general consent of all the wisdom, conscience, intelligence and patriotism of

the colored race.

All hail the great Herester! —W. L. G. Jr.

For the Liberator.
WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,
Standing on the steps of the Slave Auction-Block,
March 9, 1865.

The heroes of an ancient day
Crushed 'neath their feet a conquered foe,
And in our battle-days sublime,
The blood of countless martyrs flow.

Another world has long been thine,
O, watchman upon Freedom's tower,
With bugle-horn and prophet sign,
Warning shut eyes and hearts that never.

Unsheathed oft by human souls,
God heard the servant's fervent prayer,
And with His own right hand unrolls
Freedom's great charter on the air.

For the Liberator.
TO JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY ONE OF HIS FRIENDS.

Our game, I fear, is almost up,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!
We soon must drift from Sorrow's cup,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

Who would have thought, two years ago,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!
That we should have been beaten so?

My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

Of home and friends we are bereft,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!
And we have scarce a dollar left,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

It was a very great mistake,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!
To think the Yanks with fear would quake,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

"More men!" old Abe's just made the call,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!
Where do you think they find them all?
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

To longer "blow" is of no use,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!
They're bound with us to raise the deuce,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

Our cherished doctrine of "State rights,"
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

It blows up higher than a kite,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

It's plain to see we are undone,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

Our very servants cut and run,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

They dare not, their masters, through!
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

Or, have we lived to the day,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

When we our niggers must obey?

My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

We've lost our men, and spent our "tin,"
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

And by the Yankees are hemmed in,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

Or, for some lone, secluded isle,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

Where we might go and rest awhile,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

Alas! I drop a tear,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

Not even our niggers do fear!

My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

But, dressed up in the "Yankee blue,"
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

They dare not, their masters, through!

My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

Or, once more we do get home,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

We never more shall wish to roam,
My Jefferson, my Jefferson!

Gloucester, (Mass.) March 22, 1865.

The Liberator.

A WASHINGTON EXPERIENCE.

MR. EDITOR.—A recent visit to the capital has been the occasion, in my mind, of many novel impressions and reflections, some of which may be of interest to your readers.

Doubtless, the early part of the month of March is not the best time to visit Washington, in order to a favorable first impression. "Winter, lingering in the lap of Spring," is not altogether a romantic episode there. The latter finds feature and expression hardly so much in the yellow of the crocuses and tulips as in the mud. This is the all-pervasive hint of the renewal of Nature's year. Have you a vanity respecting the polish of your boots, or the varnish of your carriage wheels? The means are at hand to relieve you of it. Yet, if your imagination be strong enough to carry you forward two months, this disagreeable feature disappears, and is exchanged for the bloom of flowers, the melody of birds, and Nature "in verdure clad." Under this impression, ascend to the dome of the Capitol, or the heights of Georgetown, and a fair city greets your eyes, and you recognize the taste and judgment of the founder which thus located it, and gave it the advantage of its many lovely environments.

But exterior attractions signify little in the presence of the closing session of Congress. Unmindful, therefore, of the possibilities of May, or the actualities of March, I sought the Congressional galleries, and patiently awaited for any embellishments of wit, wisdom, eloquence or wrath which the "assembled," or either of them, might chance to manifest.

Pertinent indeed must have been the appellation which the House of Representatives gave itself, in those palmy (ought I not to say, rather, *palmetto*) days when plantation manners were in vogue there, namely, the "national bear-garden." Even yet, it gives hint of the managerie. What buzzing of many discordant voices! what pacing to and fro among the more active spirits! what sporadic alterations and side-long conversations, while some inefficient orator is vainly essaying, by vigorous gestures and vociferation, to gain sixty minutes' attention from his associates!

Incentives to temporal duties were not suggested, but stress was laid upon the means of grace, and the forlornness of earthly life and prospects. That preacher and auditory were in union was evinced by frequent amens, and incoherent responses from all parts of the house.

Gratitude for freedom was especially rendered, for the reason that now they were not compelled to close their meeting and be home at nine o'clock, as formerly.

The doctrine preached not novel and unheard-of in the North indeed, but there it is asserted to like a French verdict of guilty, with "mitigating circumstances."

Dives of New York allows, like his African brother, with proper union and audible emotion, the vanity and wickedness of worldliness; and then rolls home upon luxurious wheels, and is reminded, in passing, that this week he must sell those vacant lots, and put the proceeds into the "seven-thirties," where they cannot be taxed, and that before another Sabbath he will have a pair of bays as good at least as those of his brother Brown, who has just driven by upon the road. Not so, Africanus. He accepts the premises, and with a logic worthy of Edwards, accepts the condition also.

"Are these people industrious and frugal?" asked Emerson has said, "The people have come at their ends by sending to Congress a learned, accomplished and fluent speaker. In politics, as in war, bruisers and pirates are of better promise than talkers and clerks." This, once, I religiously accepted; but now, enlightened by practical examples, presume to differ.

As I sat trying to catch a coherent idea of the business at hand, I could not suppress the mental exclamation—"O for an hour of Clay, Everett, Phillips, or Beecher, to throw a beam of clear light amid this muckiness, and charm turbulence into eager attention, in an exhibition of that conjurously beautiful characterized by the pen of ancient wisdom, "apples of gold in pictures of silver!"

The Senate manifested a better decorum and more business despatch; a result, arising, in good part, I presume, from the more convenient size of that body. The House is ponderous; yet, in its multitude of counsellors, there is yet, in its greater safety against bribery, fraud or conspiracy. Perhaps the practice which obtains in the English House of Commons, of "coughing down" garrulous and windy speech-makers, may sometime come to the relief of our legislature. I fancied the average ability of the Senate to be much superior to the House; but the brevity of my observation hardly justifies an opinion. At any rate, mediocrities is liable to get the floor there, also, at important junctures. On the last night of the session, Cowan, of Pennsylvania, occupied an hour or more of the precious, swift-receding time, to argue what nobody doubted, that the institution of trial by jury is an excellent provision of the Constitution. Every school-boy knows the arguments in its favor, and the Senate of the United States might be presumed not to need a reiteration of them. But what avails a jury trial when half the adjacent houses contain secret enemies, cleft "Sons of Liberty," "Golden Knights," or whatever else? When bullets whistle at you from your neighbors' door-steps, and midnight torches are thrust into your windows, the remedy of a jury trial seems ludicrously inadequate.

These and similar cogent considerations were well urged by Senator Lane, of Indiana, who opened up the subject by moving to strike out from the Appropriation Bill the Henry Winter Davis amendment, which restricted military trials to offenders in actual military or naval service.

Senator Lane is a stalwart, energetic sort of man, speaking very loud, and thus he became horse quite early in his speech. But he is a lover of freedom, and a man of much character. A little episode of this debate, for the moment quite exciting, may in some measure indicate this. One of his energetic sentences evoked a round of applause from the spectators. Thereupon, the presiding officer, as I presume in due bound, threatened that, upon a repetition of it, the galleries should be cleared. "Mr. President," continued the Senator, "I hope the galleries will not be cleared. I desire to speak to the galleries, for they represent the intelligence of the country, and the public opinion of the country, and it is in that behalf that I speak, and to that I defer." The temptation to applaud again was, of course, extreme, but the lookers on held their peace and their seats.

Turbulent galleries certainly do not facilitate legislation, but when Senators become eloquent for human rights, "something may be pardoned to the spirit of liberty."

The ceremonies of Inauguration day were of the usual stamp. I held no card of admission to the Senate Chamber, which, considering the unhappy developments of the occasion, must be considered a felicity. This inauspicious episode may, however, by the powerful and universal impression it has produced, be of good effect. We hold a nob with our friends glass to glass, chirrup and joke, or become complacent and sentimental; thereupon suddenly a mad engineer smashes up a railway train, or bursts a steamboat boiler, or a general upon the field of battle, wine-cup in hand, slaughters in his imbecility thousands of his comrades and our brothers, or the second officer in the republic disgraces the nation and himself, exciting by his conduct the apprehensions of hopeful and patriotic hearts. Then we startle to perceive in what dire patriotic this rose-blooming path of intoxication may end.

The ceremonies of inauguration at the East Portico were, of course, the chief feature of the day, and attracted a vast concourse. It was, I thought, the nation epitomized.

Professionally a Bostonian myself, I stood upon the Capital steps, in conversation with a soldier of Berkshire, whose comrade beside him was a Pennsylvanian. I had just been introduced to a member of the Kansas Legislature, arrived in Washington the day before. I am sure there were present in the crowd plenty of "contrabands" (if the word be not obsolete,) and I presume, also, rebels who had taken the oath of allegiance, from the far South; while in the distance, but conspicuous enough, I could see the stalwart form and mazy beard of the California trapper, who had visited Washington bearing as a gift to the President the "elephant chair"—and near at hand, the artist of the New York illustrated papers, busily sketching. I, therefore, had reason to be personally impressed both with the vastness of our country, and the dignity of the occasion which could thus gather an audience from the extremes of a continent.

The inaugural ceremonies were in the usual form, and have been described so often as to be familiar to all. I wish, however, to enter a protest—puritanic, if you choose to call it so—against one right which I witnessed with surprise akin to annoyance. Instead

of assenting to the oath as administered by the Chief Justice in any usual form of affirmation, the President bent over and kissed the book which the Chief Justice held in his hand. Presumably, the volume was the Bible, but, if so, it was only a "fortuitous concourse" of sheepskin and paper. If, as the book itself says, regard for the letter killeth, while the spirit giveth life, what shall be said respecting the mere handiwork of printers and binders? The practice is of papish origin, and like obsequiousness before the consecrated wafer and similar customs, "more honored in the breach than in the observance." Since God is a Spirit, we can better reverence his word, outwardly and materialistically, in spirit and in truth?

The presidential reception the evening was conducted in an ultra-democratic style; that is, the mob got possession of the premises; and that being the nine points of the law of etiquette, as they understood it, they kept it, much to the disappointment of numerous ladies and gentlemen, who waited two or three hours in the cold night air, in the vain hope of an opportunity to pay their respects to the host. Either the White House must be greatly enlarged, or else visitors must be taught politeness by police authority if necessary, and persuaded to move along, and make way for their fellow-citizens and peers in the realm.

I had not time or opportunity to learn much of the condition of the emancipated population, but gained some insight respecting it in the intimations of a well-informed friend, and by observation from an interior point of view—namely, an African Methodist church. It was an edifice of medium size and extreme plainness, though the preacher expressed gratitude at the prospect of an early rebuilding. It was thronged with attentive and devout worshippers. My informant stated that there were fifteen or twenty similar congregations in the city.

The burden of the preaching was highly evangelical, with more numerous and frequent allusions to its subversive majesty than would have been considered pertinent in a more Northern pulpit of the same persuasion.

Incentives to temporal duties were not suggested, but stress was laid upon the means of grace, and the forlornness of earthly life and prospects. That preacher and auditory were in union was evinced by frequent amens, and incoherent responses from all parts of the house.

Gratitude for freedom was especially rendered, for the reason that now they were not compelled to close their meeting and be home at nine o'clock, as formerly.

The doctrine preached not novel and unheard-of in the North indeed, but there it is asserted to like a French verdict of guilty, with "mitigating circumstances."

Dives of New York allows, like his African brother, with proper union and audible emotion, the vanity and wickedness of worldliness; and then rolls home upon luxurious wheels, and is reminded, in passing, that this week he must sell those vacant lots, and put the proceeds into the "seven-thirties," where they cannot be taxed, and that before another Sabbath he will have a pair of bays as good at least as those of his brother Brown, who has just driven by upon the road. Not so, Africanus. He accepts the premises, and with a logic worthy of Edwards, accepts the condition also.

"Are these people industrious and frugal?" asked Emerson has said, "Very much so," said he. "What do they do with their money?" "Spend it on their churches," was the reply. He then went on to say, that it was difficult to interest them in social ameliorations; that worldly advantage, education, personal thrift, and, in general, all those interests which we do not share, are of little value to them.

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"Resting, one day, at an inn in Virginia, I saw a woman, blind and decrepit with age, turning the ponderous wheel of a machine on the lawn, and overheard this conversation between her and my fellow-traveller: 'Is not that very hard work?' 'Why, yes, it is, and it makes me sore all over,' said she. 'How old are you?' 'I don't know; past sixty, they tell me.' 'Have you a husband?' 'I don't know, mistress.' 'Have you ever had a husband?' 'Yes, I was married.' 'Where is your husband?' 'I don't know; he was sold.' 'Have you children?' 'I don't know; they were sold.' 'Have you ever heard from your husband since he was sold?' 'No.' 'Do you not find it hard to bear up under such afflictions as these?' 'Why, yes, mistress; but God does what he thinks best with us.'

No exception, of course, to be taken to this religious trustfulness, but the paralysis of hope which it induces is certainly not the right condition precedent to a redeemed and new-created South, or the social and political elevation of the blacks.

Education, skilled labor, and their proper sequences, social independence and individual character, are in their case the desiderata; and it is encouraging to know that the freedmen's cause in Washington is under the leadership of those who, while revering religion, yet perceive also, with St. Paul, that "that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural."

Washington needs a strong infusion of Northern blood, a permanent population of some thousands living, irrepressible Yankees, "with their heads full of steam hammer."

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of the FIRST LESSON—(as now taught.)

Teacher.—Here, Sambo, do you wish to learn to read?

Sambo.—Yes, massa; very, very much.

T.—Well, Sambo, this letter is A.

T.—And this is B.

T.—B, A, spells ba.

T.—Now, can you tell me what A-b spells?

S.—Yes, massa; A-b spells Abe.

T.—That is right. I will now teach you to spell one or two easy words. Spell Bay.

S.—B, a; b, a.

T.—S—B—A—y, bay. Spelling is mighty funny, massa; b—a—b, ab; and b—a—y, bay.

T.—That's right; you're a smart negro, Sambo; Abe, which is your master yet. Now spell Abe, which we sometimes hear for Father Abraham.

S.—(Scratching his head,) A—y—b, ab.

(The teacher leaves in haste.)

THE SECOND LESSON.

T.—Well, my fine boy, have you forgotten your first lesson?

S.—No, massa—dat is A, dis is b; and b—a spells ba.

T.—Right! and a-b spells Abe?

S.—Abe.

T.—Oh, no; a-b, ab.

S.—Yes, massa! a—b, ab. But how do you spell Abe?

T.—A—b—e spells Abe; now spell bay.

S.—B—A—e, ab.

T.—Why, no! don't you remember I told you yesterday that we spell bay, b—a-y?

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